Three Appendixes

Robert D. Mason
2024

Appendix I: Opus of Infamy

I've suffered through seven summers

Becoming frostbitten from the motionless snow the false sun refused to melt, I realized my lungs were for water and not air

Four angels approached me as I stood alone and frozen in time for fourteen years

They had mirrors for faces and each reflected a different horror. I responded to their gaze by tossing stones until they shattered and pierced my chest

I expelled the contents of my heart and stomach onto countless pages and phone screens until I was the only one who could read the message

I've survived through seven summers

Appendix II: The Bluejay

I'm finally alive
I hear the world come awake outside
And birds are coming in through the open window
They're singing songs for only me

I'm older now
I know birds sing for all of us
Except for bluejays
Bluejays sing songs for only me

Appendix III: The End of Things

It's time

To take advantage of

This newfound weightlessness

I was never strong enough

To carry the world on my shoulders

But that's no excuse

To give up on

Carrying myself

But this time

Instead of

Dragging my cold and lifeless body

Into the ground

I think

I'll carry myself

To church

And to the doctor

And to my grandma's house

And I think I'll like to read again

And I think I'll watch movies again

And I think I'll like to live again

And I think I'll like to love again

And all of that starts now

With loving myself

With a love that is

Sensitive

Active

Genuine

Eternal

end